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"Makes Cooking Easy"

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THE GILA MONSTER

By DAVID WALTER CHURCH
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Little Inez Basquemento, a Mexican girl I saw while engineering in the southwest, was a merry child (if she had been born in the north she would have been a child; but, being a Mexican, she was a woman). She might have been anywhere from fourteen to sixteen. She played the guitar and sang with a little birdlike voice, jabbered Spanish musically, danced, and her face wore a perpetual smile, which was for every one. But if any person attempted to say her she would knit her brows and shrink away as though terrified. And once her confidence was lost by a bit of banter her good will could never be regained.

There was a young engineer engaged on the same work as myself out there, at the time fresh from one of the "Took" schools of the northern states. He was twenty years old, handsome as a picture and as bright as a new brass button. What must be do but make love to Inez with all the recklessness of youth regardless of the consequences both to himself and her! I, who was older, saw his danger and warned him. I knew what was up, for in the evening when the day's work was over I would hear on the Basquemento veranda the twang of Inez's guitar, her little flute voice, her merry laughter mingled with sounds which I recognized as coming from Ben Eggleston, the young man who was sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind.

"You little fool," I would say to him, "don't you know that the girl is a mingling of child and woman—child in experience, woman in development; that she will fall in love with you and then—"

"I'll break it off at once," would be the young fellow's invariable reply. The boy fully intended to keep his resolution when it was made, but gave up trying to do so when it got cold. The next night I would hear the same pleasant sounds on the veranda and knew that they were breeding the same storm.

This went on till the work on that division was finished and we were about to move. Eggleston assured me

there wouldn't be any trouble. The girl was such a child that he couldn't believe she had been attracted to him as she might have been if more of a woman. He was going away and would simply bid her goodbye as he would any other girl of immature years whose companion he had been. "My advice to you," I said, "is to do no such thing. Go without saying anything about your going."

He didn't take my advice. The day before leaving he told her in a careless way that the engineering party to which he belonged was going to move its headquarters.

"And I will not see you again?" said the girl, her smile vanishing. "Perhaps not," replied Ben, not thinking it wise to leave her to look forward to meeting him again. "You'll grow up soon and get married. Then you won't want any young men friends like me."

In order the better to kill in her all expectation of getting any nearer to him he told her he had a girl in the north.

That evening I met Inez carrying a cactus in one hand and a canvas bag in the other. She wore the same innocent look she had always worn, but I noticed a peculiar glitter in her eye. There was something incongruous in a little girl's carrying a bludgeon, and, naturally fearful for Ben Eggleston, I could not help vaguely connecting the act with the killing he was giving her. She passed me without looking back, and, taking position behind a tree, I watched her.

She went along, looking about her on the ground as if searching for something. She spent half an hour in this way, I following her, taking a new position now and then where I would not be observed by her. Presently I saw her hit something with her weapon. Then she picked up what looked to me from a short distance like a baby alligator. She held it by the tail, dropped it into the bag, closed the mouth and went away.

I didn't know what it all meant; but, still timorous about Ben, I told him he had better not wait for the morning of the party, but get out at once. He laughed at me and said there was nothing to fear and if there were he wouldn't run from a little Mexican girl who had scarcely given up her doll.

We engineers slept in a long temporary building one story high. That night I was startled by an unearthly yell. Sprung out of bed, I ran along to a room where Eggleston and a roddman slept. The window was open, and Eggleston had just struck a light.

His roommate was holding one leg and writhing with pain. "Kill it!" he yelled.

Then I saw a little alligator looking thing on the floor.

"Kill it! It's the Gila monster and has bitten me. I'm gone up."

Inez's actions were explained. She had dropped the reptile in through the window on Ben, she supposed, but really on his roommate. For a week the poor devil howled in agony, then died.

That was years ago. Ben Eggleston has never married. The bare mention of a woman produces on him a temporary insanity.

MARRIAGE CHANCES DECREASE AFTER 25

London Statistics Show This Regarding Young Women, While Widows Are In Demand.

London, Oct. 31.—If the age at which a young man marries is an indication of prosperity, then the London bachelor is more prosperous than his brethren of Paris, Berlin and Vienna. The majority of London's bachelors marry between the ages of 20 and 25; those in the other capitals five years later. With the young women it is the same. Nearly half of the year's brides were spinsters up to 21, and most of the others were between 21 and 25. A London woman's matrimonial prospects decline notably after the age of 25. After 45 they dwindle to practically nil. Still last year there were twenty-nine who married at the age of 50.

These figures are contained in a volume just issued, the official London statistics for 1909-'10. Widows seem to be in demand. According to the statistics their best time is between 30 and 35, and they are usually about five years older than their new husbands.

MASTODON TEETH NEAR NOME.

Some of the Sixteen Molars Discovered Sent to New York.

Seattle, Wash., Oct. 31.—A hydraulic nozzle cutting away an ancient gravel bank on the Kougachuk river uncovered sixteen mastodon teeth, grinders of eight huge beasts that roamed over Seward peninsula when that now frozen country was covered with abundant vegetation. Other bones were found, and the miners hope to find the remainder of the skeletons.

Some of the molars have been sent to Prof. George Quackenbos of the American Museum of Natural History, New York.

FINES WAITER \$100 FOR DRAWING COLOR LINE

Boston Judge Calls Refusal to Serve Blacks and Whites Together Unfair Discrimination.

Boston, Oct. 31.—On complaint of Mrs. Mary Beausolia, colored, Patrick Sullivan, head waiter of Riordan Brothers' liquor store and cafe, was charged Saturday with unlawful discrimination against a negro. Sullivan pleaded not guilty, but Judge Wentworth fined him \$100, from which sentence he appealed. Mrs. Beausolia, who is light skinned, went into the cafe one night last week, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Southernland, who are white. The party sat at a table and when drink and food were ordered by Mr. Southernland, Sullivan told him there was a rule not to serve white and colored at the same table. There are places set aside for both. Sullivan refused to sell to the party and the next day a summons was procured.

Judge Wentworth said it was very evident that an unjust discrimination had been made. His employers furnished bail for Sullivan.

PARDONED AFTER 26 YEARS AND WILL STAY IN PRISON

Life Convict Who Needed Neither Reprieve Nor Punishment, Ill In His Old Age.

Rockland, Me., Oct. 31.—John C. Farr, a life convict, received a pardon Saturday after having served twenty-nine years.

Although free to go where he will, Farr will not take immediate advantage of his opportunity. In fact, he probably will remain at the prison during the winter in the employ of Warden Norton. The warden says Farr has been one of the best prisoners, needing neither reprimand nor punishment. Farr worked in the kitchen as long as he was able and cared for the prison flower garden and other small jobs. He is now sixty-nine and in far from robust health. Friends elsewhere have said he shall never know want and in Rockland there has been much sympathy for him.

HAS FOUR BABIES AT 20.

Laurel (Del.) Girl and Her Husband Married When Children.

Laurel, Del., Oct. 31.—While Mrs. Ernest Morris was visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Matthews of Ellendale, she had a surprise in the way of a fine eleven-pound baby boy, the fourth child born to her and her husband in about four years of matrimony.

The mother is only a little over twenty, while the father is only twenty-two.

GAVE CHECK FOR \$1,000,000.

Mrs. Harriman Also Turned Over Deed for 10,000 Acres for a Park.

New York, Oct. 31.—Mrs. Mary W. Harriman, standing on the top of Bear mountain, high above the Hudson, Saturday afternoon, gave a check for \$1,000,000 and a deed to 10,000 acres of land to the interstate Palisade park commission in memory of her husband, the late Edward H. Harriman, the railroad magnate.

In addition, the commissioners received a deed to 700 acres from the commission of new prisons.

Mrs. Harriman, dressed in black, made her donation after the chairman of the Palisade park commission, George W. Perkins, had accepted the deed to the 700 acres. With no effort at oratory, Mrs. Harriman stepped slightly forward from the line where she stood with her daughter and Mr. Pierpont Morgan, and said:

"I donate this land and this money to be used in maintaining and improving it for a park for the people in memory of my late husband, Edward H. Harriman."

PAYS SEVENTY-TWO DOLLARS FOR BRIDE

A Wilkes-Barre Man Gets the Girl, and Her Mother Gets the Money.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Oct. 31.—For 72 dollars, Frank Lizaak of this city Saturday was enabled to purchase a bride. She is Susan Blakesley, and when the two appeared at the office of the marriage license clerk and asked for a license, the clerk discovered that the girl was less than 21 years of age.

She said, however, that her mother was willing to have her marry Lizaak, and he volunteered the information that he was to give the mother \$72 for letting the girl marry him. The mother was sent for and after she gave her formal consent the license was issued.

RIOT IN FRENCH CHAMBER

Wild Disorder When Premier Defends Strike Policy

SEEK TO STRIKE PREMIER

"Resign! Dictator, Resign!" Rings Out Through the Hall, Radicals Joining Socialists in Denouncing M. Briand.

Paris, Oct. 31.—The debate on the railway strike, in which the government has been bitterly attacked in the chamber of deputies by the Socialists, took a new and dramatic turn Saturday night. During the session, which was not only the most violent in the history of the French Parliament, but rivaled in disorder and turbulence the sessions of the national convention during the French revolution, Premier Briand himself was the pivot on which the drama turned, and the general verdict is that certain government victory has been changed into possible defeat.

Smarting under the repeated attacks of M. Jaures, the leader of the Socialists, and others, the premier leaped to his feet, defending the cabinet's suppression of the strike as a revolutionary outbreak, and exclaimed:

"If the actual laws had been insufficient we would not have hesitated to resort even to illegality for the purpose of preserving the fatherland!"

An uproar followed these words. The Socialists jumped up and were joined by a number of Radicals. With shouts of anger they moved towards the tribune, crying, "Resign! Dictator, resign!" Desks were banged and the chamber was a perfect bedlam with the noise of shouts and cheers. One Socialist tried to fight his way to the tribune to shout Briand, "Through out the premier stood calm and dignified and for three-quarters of an hour waited patiently but vainly to make himself heard. Finally, M. Briand, president of the chamber, amid cries of imprecations from the Socialists, adjourned the debate until Sunday afternoon."

M. Jaures charged that the mobilization of the strikers—the calling of them to the colors—was an illegal military coup d'etat, which violated the most sacred rights of the wage-earners. He asserted that the government had played itself into the service of capitalism.

M. Briand throughout the tumult, although heard only by a few, hurled back the charges, affirming that he had saved the country from anarchy, into which the Socialist deputies were trying to plunge it by opening the way for reaction and the disorganization of society.

The premier in an interview later declared that the tumult had been arranged by the Socialists, who seized upon a fragment of his speech to launch a movement of disorder and win over the Republicans, who were nominally supporters of the government.

RAILROAD OFFICIALS CALLED TO EXPLAIN

They Must Tell Why Free Time for Unloading Freight Cars Should Be Cut.

New Haven, Conn., Oct. 31.—Edward D. Robbins, general counsel, and S. Higgins, general manager, of the New England road, together with the legal and operating officials of other New England railroads, accompanied by officers of the Railroad Traffic association, which keeps in close touch with such questions, will appear before Charles A. Prouty of the interstate commerce commission to explain why the free time for unloading and loading freight cars should be cut from 90 hours to 48 hours in New England.

Recently the interstate commerce commission suspended the order on this change in the demurrage rules to Dec. 1. This was the second postponement in this matter, and now the New England roads, including the New Haven, are being asked to show cause why the change should take effect on Dec. 1. The New England lines planned to put this change into effect Oct. 1. Shippers and receivers of freight, a large number of them in this city and throughout New England generally, made complaint against it, and the interstate commission ordered a suspension until Nov. 1. It was on Oct. 17 that the shippers had their say in the matter, and they made such an impression on the commissioners at the hearing held in Boston that the second order of suspension was issued by the full commission, and now the roads have been invited to tell just why the proposed 48 hours free time rules should be adopted.

KAISER TABOOS TWIN.

Humorist's Books and Picture Ordered from Libraries.

Berlin, Oct. 31.—The kaiser received a rude shock when he read in W. D. Howells' new book, "My Mark Twain," that the author of "Innocents Abroad" had dared to smile sardonically at the fuss made about his meeting with William in the early nineties.

Mr. Howells' clever biography of the humorist recording this fact went further and referred to William as a sort of nincompoop, or words to that effect. Consequently Mr. Howells, too, has been placed on the imperial index. The royal library is not to acquire any more of his books. As to Mark Twain, he is to be placed on the same footing with the poet Heine.

When William bought the palace of the late Empress Elisabeth of Austria in Corfu, he immediately benighted to the wooded a marble statue of Heine, who some 75 years ago made fun of the royal Hohenzollerns, covering some of them with immortal ridicule.

The fact that Mark Twain didn't appreciate William, as Howells by Mark Twain sets forth, will now cause any photographs or steel engravings of the late American humorist to be ousted from the imperial palace.

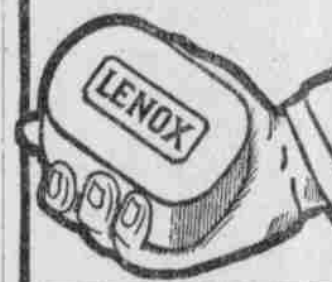
Moreover, it will not be quite safe to mention Mark Twain to the kaiser. Mark Twain was well known to the important people of Berlin, and some of them said: "Mark would turn in his grave, convulsed with laughter, if the kaiser's resolve should reach him in some way or other."

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Lenox is the cheapest of good soaps; the best of medium-priced soaps.



Lenox Soap—
"Just fits the hand"

Magazine Review

The Butlerless Butler's Pantry.

"There is one department connected with the house service," says Charles E. White, writing in *Suburban Life* for November, "which has cheated more housewives out of their hard-earned dollars and vexed more weary housewives than all the other rooms combined; and that is the 'butler's pantry,' so called. As everyone knows, not one woman in a hundred expects to have one of those mysteriously dignified individuals, the butler, in the domains of her house; but perhaps ninety-nine of these same hundred women will see the words 'butler's pantry' indelibly stamped on their working plans. Now a place to 'bottle in' for a real butler must be large enough for the various functions of that dignitary. Such a room, needed only by families who do a great deal of entertaining, must be large enough to serve elaborate many-course dinners, and provide space for the cleansing and housing of the mass of china and silver necessary for such an establishment. The moral is, 'Do not have a butler's pantry unless you have a butler.'"

A Word About Taft's Secretary.

"The delicacy of the diplomat, the strategy of the statesman, the facility of the politician, the courage, keenness and common sense of all successful men of affairs, the patience of Job and herculean ability for work," says the *Woman's Home Companion* for November. "These qualities have been stated as ordinary requirements for the office of secretary to the president of the United States. Mr. Norton, who, a few months ago, took up the duties of this position, is believed to possess all the qualities set forth above. Mr. Norton has made a rather rapid ascent up the ladder of fame. He seems to have done this not only by his remarkable combination of gifts, but by his readiness to forego, in the public service, a large salary. He left a position that paid him fifty thousand dollars a year to become first assistant secretary of the treasury at a salary of four thousand five hundred dollars. He plunged into the details of the work at the White House with such vim that neither he nor any one else noticed until the end of the first day that he had neglected to take the oath of office. One morning later, at Beverly, he refused to let the president have his letters because the latter was on a vacation and could not be allowed to do any work until he had had ten days of recreation. Norton is tall, slender, active, cordial, well poised, self-reliant and clean mentally and morally. He is in his fortieth year."

The Purest and Finest Oatmeal of the Century.

No such triumphs of oratory such as Wendell Phillips achieved are recorded of any other man that ever lived, says Charles Edward Russell in "Success Magazine." Audiences the most hostilely hostile seem unable to withstand his peculiar eloquence; the beautiful bell-like voice is wings to lofty thought; invincible logic and soul-searching words; minds fortified against reason learn from his lips. Yet, on his long life of ceaseless activities, he debated for no crown, argued for no fees, strove for no reward, sought no place nor any fame, cared for no achievement for its own sake, and used his unequalled gifts only for some cause of justice or righteousness in which he could earn nothing but obloquy, hatred and isolation. This is the career of Wendell Phillips.

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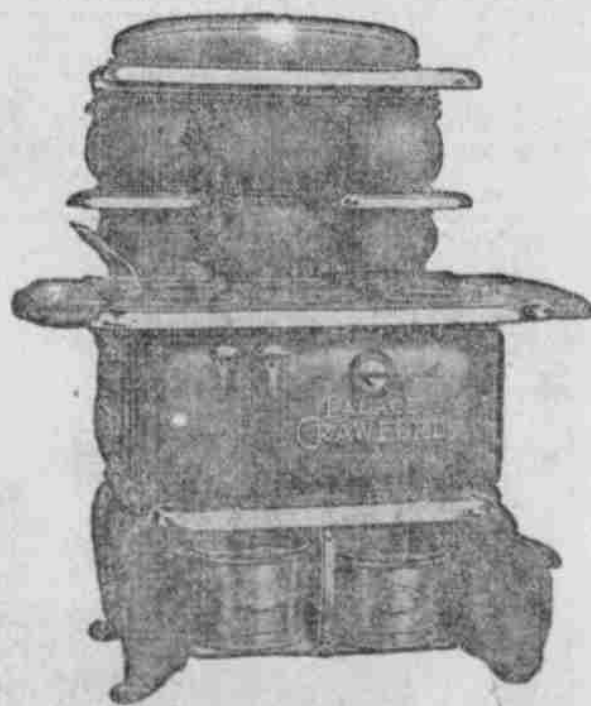


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